

DRAMATIC AND LYRIC.

The Horrors of Sardou's La Tosca.

FANNY DAVENPORT'S CURIO.

A Bold Adaptation From the Loud French-Latest Amusement Notes.

All theatrical eyes during the past month have been directed towards New York, where, one week ago last night, the new Broadway Theatre was thrown open for the first time to the public, and the latest efforts of Sardou's genius, La Tosca, was given its first representation in America.

We surrender a good part of our column this morning, to give the story of this luridly horrible drama. It is something of a curiosity in its way, as illustrating to what an extent the French stage dares to go; and is still more of a curiosity as illustrating the sublime nerve—not to say gall—which Miss Fanny Davenport must possess to have such a monstrosity rendered into English.

Victorien Sardou has chosen Rome for the scene of his new play. The period is June 16, 1800, two days after the battle of Marengo. The heroine is Floria Tosca, a cantatrice, an out-and-out Catholic and an ultra royalist. The hero is Mario Cavaradossi, a painter. Mario's father was a Roman patrician, and from him he inherits his passion for art. His mother was a French woman, and from her he inherits the fiery instincts and principles of the French Revolution. Mario is a thorough republican. As such he is looked upon with an evil eye by the Bourbons, then reigning at Rome, and is suspected and watched by the Roman police.

The young artist, Mario Cavaradossi, is sitting alone in the church of St. Andrea, painting. Suddenly a man with dishevelled hair and excited countenance comes bounding through a window, rushes up to Mario and exclaims:

"Save me! I have escaped from the Castle St. Angelo!"

This man whom Mario at first takes for a malefactor, is Cesare Angelotti, a republican, who for political offences—aggravated by the fact that he had been the paramour in London of Lady Hamilton, wife of the British Ambassador to Rome—has been arrested and sentenced to death. Mario swears friendship to Angelotti and promises to save him. They arrange to go to Mario's villa in the outskirts of Rome and thence escape to the frontier.

AN INGENIOUS RUSE.

Angelotti, a beardless youth of nineteen, clothes himself in some female garments that Mario has with him in the church for his model. The disguise is perfect and Angelotti, holding an exquisite fan in his hand and leaning like a young bride on Mario's arm, walks on unsuspected through the streets of Rome, and the pair arrive in safety at Mario's studio.

Meanwhile the jailer of St. Angelo's Castle, whose complicity has enabled Angelotti to get out of prison, being tortured by order of Baron Scarpia confesses that Angelotti fled to the Church of St. Andrea. Baron Scarpia hastens to the church and learns that Angelotti has escaped in company with the painter in the garb of a woman. Scarpia, with a squad of detectives, goes to Mario's studio, but no trace of the fugitive is found, except Angelotti's fan. Scarpia is for a moment baffled; but a brilliant idea occurs to him, and this is the key of the entire tragedy.

A WOMAN'S JEALOUSY.

Floria Tosca is Mario's mistress, and in spite of the violent contrast in their religious and political creeds, La Tosca and Mario love each other as passionately as Romeo and Juliet. Scarpia, who combines the wisdom of the serpent with the malignity of the wicked, determines to work La Tosca into a paroxysm of jealousy, and thus utilize the cunning and craft of a jealous woman to discover Angelotti's whereabouts.

La Tosca is brought to Mario's studio. She is made to believe that Mario has run off with a lady. She sees the fan of her supposed rival left behind in the hurry of their flight, and as La Tosca glares at the fan, she feels convinced that it is the damning proof of her lover's guilt. The dramatic situation here created by Sardou can be compared only with the handkerchief scene in "Othello." La Tosca turns almost pale green with jealousy, while Scarpia, with insidious, Iago-like adroitness, spurs her on to fury.

HOW HER IS MADE USE OF.

The whereabouts of Mario's country house, a veritable lovers' nest, which has served as a trysting place for La Tosca and Mario, is known to no one else in Rome. La Tosca starts at once for this villa, and the police, without her knowing or even suspecting it, shadow her. She opens with her key, a gate leading into the garden, finds Mario and overwhelms him with reproaches. Mario reveals the truth, and points to Angelotti, still half-attired in his female costume. La Tosca craves the situation in an instant, and the lovers fall into each other's arms. At the same instant a noise is heard outside the villa. It is the police.

La Tosca, horror-stricken at the consequences of her burst of jealousy, resolves to protect the fugitive even at the cost of her own life. La Tosca and Mario conceal Angelotti in a grotto. Scarpia and the police burst into the villa, and demand Angelotti. La Tosca and Mario reply that they don't know where he is.

A VILLAINOUS STRATAGEM.

Scarpia becomes furious and commands six great, strapping policemen to seize Mario and place him in an adjoining apartment. Scarpia and La Tosca remain alone. Scarpia again asks La Tosca where Angelotti is, but La Tosca remains obdurate. Scarpia continues:

"Tell me where Angelotti is and you will save Mario Cavaradossi from a man's hand."

La Tosca suspecting some new crime, exclaims: "What is happening behind that door?"

Scarpia replies, with cool malignity: "Oh! merely this—Mario Cavaradossi is reclining in an easy chair; his legs and arms are tied fast with steel chains; a band of steel, with three sharp, spear-headed points encircles his forehead; an executioner stands over him grasping in his hand a screw, each turn of which drives the steel points into his forehead. The torture will be most excruciating unless you by one word reveal Angelotti."

La Tosca hesitates, pale as ashes and trembling.

A DREADFUL SCENE.

Then Mario, with superhuman efforts, in faint accents, exclaims:

"Tosca, you know no where Angelotti is; you can disclose nothing!"

"Zoumer!" shrieks Scarpia.

Then a terrible wail of pain—a cry that seems to come from the very soul of a dying man—is heard. It is a frightful cry, that seems to veil the universe with misery and desolation.

La Tosca, overwhelmed with despair, reveals the truth. The police drag Angelotti from his hiding place, but he is in the last agony of death, having taken poison to avoid public execution. Then Cavaradossi appears. He is as pale as a ghost, drops of purple blood trickle down his forehead; he has emerged from the torture, but he seems like a walking corpse. Perceiving the dead body of his friend Angelotti, he realizes that La Tosca has spoken. La Tosca tries to embrace him, but Mario pushes her rudely aside. Spurned by her lover, La Tosca falls insensible. Scarpia then arrests La Tosca and Mario and sends them to the prison of St. Angelo. This ends the third act.

WORSE SCOUTS-DEKLEST YET.

The fourth act opens with a scene in the palace of Scarpia, Regent of Police. Scarpia, besides being a sort of human bloodhound, is also a "minotaur," having scores of mistresses in every street in Rome. He knows that La Tosca hates him. He is in search of a new refinement of vice. He has never yet enjoyed the favors of a woman who thoroughly loathed him. He is supping in his palace. It is 2 o'clock in the morning. He sends for La Tosca, and when she appears he tells her, with brutal ferocity, that Mario has been sentenced to be shot the next morning; but if La Tosca will consent to pass the night with him in the palace, he will save Mario's life. He promises to give the lovers a passport to pass the frontier, but to appear to obey orders he agrees to have the captain of the guard have the muskets of the firing party loaded with blank cartridges. Mario must feign death, and afterward when the body is removed arrangements will be made for Mario and La Tosca to escape together.

THE WOMAN'S CONSENT AND REVENGE.

Here again love overpowers all other feelings. La Tosca consents to gratify Scarpia.

Scarpia and La Tosca are seated side by side at the supper table, candelabra brilliantly illuminating the hall. Scarpia places his arm around La Tosca and draws her to him. La Tosca, with lightning rapidity, seizes a huge carving knife and plunges it into Scarpia's body, killing him instantly. La Tosca seizes blankly on her prostrate victim. She thinks of the Catholic church, and with a strange impulse she seizes two huge candelabra and places them beside the head of the dead Scarpia. Then, with womanly instinct and tenderness—in dramatic contrast with her murderous fury of a moment before—she places a silver crucifix on his breast.

In the fifth act La Tosca informs Spoleto, the captain of the guard, that she has performed her part of the assignment. Scarpia's assassination is still undiscovered. La Tosca tells the captain that he must now carry out Scarpia's orders about the feigned execution and escape.

THE EXECUTION CARRIED OUT.

This the captain proceeds to do. Mario Cavaradossi is led out. The firing party is drawn up and the words of command are given:—"Ready! Aim! Fire!" Mario falls motionless to the ground. Spoleto steps forward, bends over the body and places his hand on his heart. He smiles and retires. La Tosca appears.

"Mario! Come—all is ready! I have our passports! The carriage is here! In an hour we shall have crossed the frontier!" Mario remains motionless. La Tosca rushes up to him, places her hand on his heart and utters a wild shriek like that of Mario when he was undergoing torture. Mario is dead. Death is not feigned, but a reality. La Tosca discovers that the orders of the captain were to have muskets loaded exactly as for any common criminal. Scarpia's object being merely to gratify his desires and let the result take care of itself. La Tosca calls the captain an assassin. "My superior's orders," rejoins Spoleto. La Tosca, beside herself with rage, boasts that she has killed Scarpia, and regrets that she could not have the exquisite delight of killing him again.

Spoleto and the police rush off to verify the truth of La Tosca's confession. During their absence La Tosca leaps over the parapet of the Castle of St. Angelo into the Tiber, and the curtain falls.

The New York Herald says of the performance: It was almost 12 o'clock when the curtain was rung down on the closing scene. In consequence of the lateness of the hour it is almost impossible to give to the play and performance the careful, critical consideration that a work by so eminent a playwright and by so distinguished an actress properly deserves. At a later day a review will be presented for the information of the HERALD's readers.

At present, however, a few comments may be properly made to indicate the impression the play and the manner of its presentation made upon the audience.

Reversing the order it may be distinctly stated that Miss Fanny Davenport as Floria Tosca scored a distinct artistic hit and Victorien Sardou scored a complete triumph in presenting for the entertainment of a cultivated and refined audience one of the strongest, most brutal, coarse and disgusting plays that has been witnessed in this city during a period of many years.

Everybody who has read the plot of the melodrama knows that it is a tale of illicit affections, horror, lust, murder and suicide, and those who saw La Tosca last night have the satisfaction of knowing that they have seen acted before their eyes scenes that could not be elaborated without confident fear of police intervention.

The first act was wearisome, talky, uninteresting, and could be easily cut to the satisfaction of all; the second was slow at the beginning, and ended with a strong situation; the third was

intense. Here the audience found itself fascinated by the horrors portrayed. There is an unquestioned magnetism, but it is the magnetism of horror. The same as that mysterious power that causes people on the public streets to throng about a man writhing in mortal anguish from injuries just received. Powerful, indeed, in construction, the act is unquestionably original. La Tosca is a blend of the type of the bloody Duke Alva, who fought with a sword in one hand and a crucifix in the other, put La Tosca on the rack of anguish and tortured her with questions while her lover, bound, was stretched in a chair in an adjoining room, and questioned as to the whereabouts of the refugee Angelotti. La Tosca's refusals to answer were met by Scarpia with diabolical humor. He gave a signal and Mario's cries from the room as the instrument of torture tore his flesh agonized the woman. This brutal, though effective scene affected the audience differently; it moved some to tears and disgusted others. It was horror. In portraying the scene, with its intense suffering, Miss Davenport showed unusual artistic strength and far surpassed her efforts in any play in which she has ever appeared.

The fourth act is simply atrocious. It was a scene of brutal lust. It offended, because it shocked the sense of decency, and ladies left the house upon the fall of the curtain. It would be indecent even to tell the story of that act. Doubtless Scarpia was a monster, and Mr. Mordant in impersonating that villainous character did not refine it. He gave a highly dramatic impersonation of that hot, loud-breathing beast who sought La Tosca as his prey. She pleads for her lover Mario's pardon, and asks him to name his price. Scarpia, with such rolling eyeballs and hot breath that Targui might have envied, in a hoarse whisper says: "That he will share you with me."

To this La Tosca replies, "I would rather throw myself from that window."

"Well, what of him?" is the quiet answer.

She consents, and Scarpia devises a plan of escape and issues an order for its execution; he then locks the door, places the key in his pocket, gives her a passport for or two and demands his price. He kisses her, she shudders like a beast with uncontrolled passion he follows her about the room. Then she turns and stabs him. He dies. The death scene is powerful. She holds his head and shakes it, bidding him die. Hate is written on her face, and no thought of the awful deed moves her. When dead she places candles by his head and a crucifix on his breast. In this tragic scene Davenport is very strong.

The fifth act is powerful, awful, horrible, and the worst play ever presented in a decent theatre.

Notes.

GUNTER has dramatized his novel, "Barnes of New York."

CAMPBELL is about to head a concert troupe through Montana.

ANNE PIERCE has dates at the Theatre in the near future.

MACKEY'S Anarchy is to be done in San Francisco to-morrow night.

BILLY RICE will be with Dockstader's minstrels in their trip out this way.

OUR GUNTER says there is more money in novel writing than writing plays.

BAIRD's minstrels come back to the theatre next Friday and Saturday evenings.

BUFFALO BILL's show comes back to America April 1st. A fitting day for the arrival.

DENVER is making war on Sunday entertainments, and Carleton was recently arrested for giving a sacred concert on the Sabbath eve.

The fire which destroyed the Union Square Theatre, last week, curious enough, demolished the front of the house and left the stage comparatively uninjured.

EDWIN BOOTH is one of the most inveterate of smokers, and must spend a small fortune yearly in the indulgence of his taste for the fragrant weed. As a rule he smokes cigars, and they are a peculiar brand, furnished him by a manufacturer, and from which he never changes.

MR. G. W. MORGAN, the distinguished American organist, has written THE HERALD inquiring into the probability of his being able to give an organ recital in the Tabernacle. Mr. Morgan is accompanied by his daughter, a gifted harpist, and the occasion, if it could be arranged, would be one of the most notable in our musical annals.

MANAGER CLAWSON yesterday received a letter from Booth and Barrett's agent, stating that in accordance with his suggestion, the repertoire for the Salt Lake engagement would be as follows: Friday, March 30th, Othello, Booth as Iago, Barrett as Othello; Saturday matinee, Hamlet, Booth as Hamlet, Barrett as Lear; Saturday night, Julius Caesar, Booth as Brutus, Barrett as Cassius. This is a bill which will satisfy the most exacting of theatre-goers. Nothing is said yet as to the charges.

THE English burlesque sketch in which Nat Goodwin is making such a hit at present, Lend Me Five Shillings, will be done at the new Eighteenth Ward hall next Thursday evening for the benefit of the ward hall. Mr. Spencer will have Goodwin's part, and Mr. Wells, Mr. White, Mr. Clawson, Sid Clawson, Birdie Cummings and Ivy Clawson will be in the cast. A series of beautiful tableaux will be arranged by the young ladies of the ward, and an olio in which Mr. Easton, Mrs. Wells, Miss Caine, Bishop Whitney, Miss Latimer, Miss Nettie Sloan, Mr. Smith (the whistler), Mr. Pyper, Edith Clawson, Mr. Burton and Mr. Young appear, has also been arranged.

LAWRENCE BARRETT is a great student and a classical scholar of no mean degree, but like another famous citizen of Massachusetts he is an enthusiastic yachtsman. Kidding at anchor in a little cove off his summer residence at Cohasset the actor keeps a trim and tidy craft, and when the wind blows seaward the cabalistic pennant of the Eastern Yacht Club, which flutters from the mainmast truck, Lawrence ships his deep sea legs, gets into his commander's uniform, weighs anchor and in the same stentorian voice with which he hails his legions in Julius Caesar makes all sail and puts to sea. He is, withal, a good and hospitable skipper, and the yacht is never without her complement of guests.

MISS KATE CARLETON, who at one time was well known in this city as a pretty girl in a Quaker bonnet, and who hung herself into considerable prominence with "For goodness' sake don't say I told you," has been starring through the wild west for several years past with considerable success. She is just now achieving more notoriety than

reputation in a controversy with Mr. Harry Phillips, who for a considerable period has posed in the delightful capacity of the husband of a star. He has been chewing the bitter cud of jealousy for many moons, on account of the constant admiration his handsome wife everywhere excited, until at last his conduct and unjustified reproaches became unbearable, and Mrs. Phillips instituted proceedings for a divorce.

There was another tremendous and once at the Theatre last evening to witness the Ivy Leaf sensation. People didn't seem to mind at all the fact that the eagle which blinked on the front steps all day was supplied by a property eagle at night, and the cheers over the flight of the bird through the sea of inky darkness were vociferous as ever. There was a plan on foot last night among a number of bloods to take dark lanterns with them down to the orchestra, and when the scene came on to illuminate the stage with a beam of light. The thing fell through, but had it carried, the amusing scene of the child pulled on wires and waving a couple of feather dusters above her as the eagles winged, would have been disclosed to the audience. The Ivy Leaf people must be credited with having worked a very clever trick.

A GROWING FIRM.

Salt Lake Building and Manufacturing Company.

Preparing for the approaching growth of the city is this enterprising firm. On the 30th day of January last, the company purchased 5 x 20 rods of ground on Second West Street, just north of South Temple Street. They began the erection of a brick building 75 feet one way by 80 feet the other, within one or two days after the purchase. On the 8th of this month, or in a trifle over thirty days, their boiler was fixed up, the engine running and the hands all ready at work. Considering the size of the building it is a surprise that the work could have been done in so short a space of time. During the whole of last season the company kept not less than twenty carpenters steadily employed, and the outlook for the coming season is that their new and commodious establishment will hardly prove equal to the demands that will be made upon them. Anticipating this, in addition to their present complete facilities, they have purchased three new machines of great use in their business, which they expect shortly to arrive. Moreover, so much fine work is done in winter on large buildings, a special room has been prepared in which, during winter, this class of work can be done, where the wood can be kept dry and where the workmen will be warm. Those composing this company—Henry Hayward, Henry A. Woolley, John Wardrobe, Jr., Oliver Hodgson and James M. Wardrobe—are all practical carpenters and competent builders. They themselves work, and it is due to this fact that their success has been so great and so rapid. They do any kind of wood work, and deal in laths, shingles, pickets, mouldings, sash, doors, blinds, lumber; and are agents for Mitchell's improved patent elevators. They are competent and trustworthy, and we can commend them.

Teachers' Institute.

March 10th, 1888.

The opening prayer was offered by D. R. Allen.

Minutes of the previous meeting read, amended and approved.

Under the head of miscellaneous business President William Stewart made some remarks about the meeting of the National Educational Association, and read the programme to be carried out.

D. R. Allen, C. M. Sorenson, and Miss Sadie Tripp were appointed as a committee to find out the condition of the Teachers' Library.

Primary geography was treated of by Miss A. R. McGhie. The lady found that the most difficult part of teaching this branch of study was to obtain and hold the attention of the children, in giving oral instruction. The objective plan was used by her first, by introducing pictures instead of maps. The subject was well discussed.

The different methods of teaching subtraction, multiplication and division of fractions, for general discussion, was opened by President William M. Stewart. The subject was then taken up by the teachers and a lively discussion ensued.

PROGRAMME FOR MARCH 24TH, 1888.

1—Reason. Mr. A. S. Martin
2—Intermediate Geography. Mrs. C. Wilcox
3—Penmanship. Prof. J. H. Paul
4—Select Reading. Miss Sadie Tripp
Adjourned for two weeks.
Benediction by Mr. Horace Cummings.

Cecilia Sharp,
Assistant Secretary.

Going Home.

General McClernand and Judge Carlton leave for the east this morning to be gone till the 7th of May, when they will return to meet with the commission for the revision of the registration lists. They will spend some time in Washington and then go to their respective homes. Questioned by a HERALD reporter last evening, both gentlemen were somewhat reticent, but said there was a progress going on here which no one could fail to note. If they saw the President while they were in Washington, which was not improbable, they could only say they would give an honest and impartial statement of the status of affairs in Utah as they existed.

Police Court.

In the Police Court yesterday, George Ferret was fined \$10 for being drunk and disturbing the peace.

Mike Powers and Edward Wilson, charged with resorting to a house of prostitution, were found not guilty and discharged.

Con O'Neill and Austin O'Toole, charged with the same offense, were found guilty and assessed \$50 each.

In each of the cases of Laura Simons and Mrs. Clifton, charged with being inmates of houses of ill-fame, sentence was suspended.

Julia Eastman, for keeping a house of prostitution, was fined \$125.

Fox & Symons

Have reduced the price of photographs. All work done by the dry-plate instantaneous process.

REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

M. W. TAYLOR.

J. H. CLIVE.

E. Y. TAYLOR.

TAYLOR BROS. & CLIVE,
HAVE REMOVED

TO THEIR NEW OFFICE,

No. 119 S. MAIN STREET.

REAL ESTATE AND LOAN AGENTS.

Below is an Average List of our Properties. Parties wishing to invest will do well to call on us.

\$2,500. New brick house of five rooms, buttermilk and front porch, lot 2x10 rods, on First West Street.

\$750. Vacant lot, 5x3 rods, within one block of the D. & R. G. W. Depot; another adjoining above, same size and price.

\$1,700. Adobe house of two rooms, shanty, etc.; lot 4x15 rods. Located in the Sixth Ward.

\$7,000. Two brick houses of four rooms each; good barn; located in the Seventh Ward; lot 5x10 rods.

\$1,100. Vacant lot, 3 1/2 x 10 rods, good location in the Eighth Ward.

\$3,500. New brick house of seven rooms, good barn, lot 4x10, located in the Ninth Ward, on street car line.

\$2,000. House of five rooms, hall and cellar, lot 5x10 rods, located in the Tenth Ward; choice orchard.

\$2,500. Adobe house of four rooms, pantry and cellar; city water in house; located on Seventh East, in the Eleventh Ward. A good home.

\$7,000 will buy a beautiful brick residence of six rooms, pantry, hall, closets and city water, southeast corner lot of 6x10 rods, situated on First South Street East.

\$1,900. Adobe house of four rooms and summer kitchen; good barn and orchard; lot 3x20 rods; a bargain.

\$7,000. Corner lot, in the Twelfth Ward, 7x10 rods; a splendid corner, at a bargain.

\$3,500. House of five rooms, buttermilk, cellar, stable and city water, lot 4 1/2 x 15 rods, situated in the Fourteenth Ward, two blocks from our office.

\$200. Per foot front will buy a nice lot on First South Street; 47x165 feet, west of the Commercial Hotel.

\$5,500. Hotel of twenty rooms; lot 56x82 1/2 feet, on same block as Valley House; a bargain.

\$4,500. Will buy a good house of six rooms, pantry, cellar, barn, city water and gas in the house; lot 1x10 rods, situated on First South Street, two and one-half blocks from THE HERALD office; renting for good interest on money.

\$3,125. Adobe house of four rooms, cellar, hall, porch and granary; lot 4x10 rods, situated in the Fifteenth Ward.

\$4,000. Vacant lot 10 x 10, situated on North Temple Street, in the Sixteenth Ward.

\$3,700. Lot 2 1/2 x 10 rods, on South Temple Street; south front; one and a half blocks from Temple.

\$2,000. Nice little cottage on the Eleventh Ward bench, renting for \$7 per month; southeast corner lot, 5 x 10 rods.

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\$10,500 will buy a most desirable lot for a residence, two blocks from this office, 6 1/2 x 12 rods; corner lot, in the Eighteenth Ward.

\$1,150. Vacant lot 5 x 10 rods; south front; on the north bench.

\$1,500. Corner lot 10 x 10; south front; small rustic house of two rooms thrown in; situated on Third Street in the Twenty-first Ward; a beautiful view.

\$1,000 per lot, five choice corner lots on the north bench; a good chance to get a number together.

FARMS AND ACREAGE.

A CHOICE STOCK FARM OF 427 ACRES, FIVE miles of fence, two large hotels, seven dwelling houses, forwarding house, scales, trucks, etc.; several large barns, half mile race track, choice springs on ranch, piped water in buildings. This place controls a large range adjoining place. This is a bargain for a stock ranch. Call at once if you want a cheap place. Situated in Juab County.

\$5,000 will buy one of the finest improved farms in Mill Creek, of forty acres, with a large brick residence of eight rooms, barn, etc.

\$600 per acre for ten acres two miles south of this office.

\$800 per acre for ten acres on State Road, near County Poor House.

\$100 per acre for thirty-seven acres, three miles northeast of this office.

\$3,250 for five acres, one and a half miles south of office; property near this has sold for \$700 per acre.

\$500 per acre for thirty-two acres, two miles southwest of office. This is a